MOTHER EARTH

Vol. VIII. OCTOBER, 1913 No. 8

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Office: 74 West 119th Street, New York City
Telephone, Harlem 6194
Price, 10 Cents per Copy One Dollar per Year

1913 **MOTHER EARTH** 1913

CONCERT & BALL

will take place

Saturday, October 18, 1913

in the large ballroom of the

LENOX CASINO, 116th St. & Lenox Ave.

(Station 116th St. & Lenox Subway)

EMMA GOLDMAN, having returned from her long Western Tour, will greet her comrades and friends as the speaker of the evening

Ticket 25c. - - Hat Check 10c.

FRANCISCO FERRER MEMORIAL MEETING

will be held

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12, 8 P.M.

at the **New Forward Hall,** 165 East Broadway

under the auspices of the

Francisco Ferrer Association of New York

SPEAKERS:

ALEXANDER BERKMAN HARRY KELLY
EMMA GOLDMAN BRUCE ROGERS
CORA BENNETT STEPHENSON DR. BEN REITMAN

LEONARD D. ABBOTT in the Chair

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 74 West 119th Street, New York, N. Y.
Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. VIII **OCTOBER, 1913** **No. 8**

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

MOTHER EARTH has removed from the old office at 55 West 28th Street to more spacious quarters at 74 West 119th Street, between Lenox and Fifth Avenues.

Our new location enables us to fill the long-felt need of many of our comrades and friends; namely to meet those who are engaged during the day, till 7.30 P. M., and Sundays in the forenoon.

The change has involved a considerable expense, and we suggest to our friends that now is the time to pay us a visit, or to communicate by mail, to renew their subscriptions and place orders for literature. We have on hand a large supply of Anarchist publications and of the Modern Drama, which will be disposed of at reduced rates.

We shall be glad to see our friends in our new place.

(Phone, Harlem 6194.)

* * *

WE call the attention of our friends and comrades to the reunion of the MOTHER EARTH family, the concert and ball, which will take place Saturday, October 18th, at Lenox Casino, 116th Street and Lenox Avenue.

On this occasion, EMMA GOLDMAN, now returned from her long Western lecture tour, will tell her impressions of the growing influence of Anarchist thought in America.

THE REVOLT OF THE RAGGED

By ADOLF WOLFF.*

WE WHO have but rags to wear,
Let us go out on strike
And face the robber-master class
In all our naked might.

Do they not hold that man is made
In the image of his God?
So we refuse to desecrate
The image of their God.

No longer will we soil our limbs,
These beautiful, these wondrous limbs,
With filthy, fetid rags.

Where is the beast so wild,
The reptile or the worm so base in kind,
Would not disdain the rags "creation's kings"
Disgrace their bodies with?

Oh be not shocked at our forced nakedness,
Ye masters who refuse to clothe your slaves.
Do you not steal the wool that we have shorn,
The clothe we weave, the garments that we made?
You stole our clothes, behold us naked now.

Let us arise and from our bodies tear
The fetid uniform that brands us slaves.
In countless masses let us rally forth
And through each pore of our free body shout
Our right to life, to liberty, and joy.

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* From "Songs, Sighs and Curses," a volume of poetry by Adolf Wolff, published as the first issue of the new monthly, *The Glebe*, Ridgefield, N. J., a review of which will appear in a forthcoming number of MOTHER EARTH.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

IT is twelve years since the rocket of iron—Leon Czolgosz—burst through the air, and flashed through the country the message of the Better Day.

It was Leon Czolgosz, an American youth of Polish extraction, whose soul rose in rebellion against the indignities and miseries heaped upon the people. He sought to alleviate the great suffering of his fellowmen; he hoped to find relief for them by this means and that. But he met only with indifference, hypocrisy and corruption.

He registered his final protest by attacking William McKinley. Not the man McKinley, but the chief magistrate of the land, the official head of the inflated and overbearing plutocracy.

The Nation, incited by the bloodhounds of the capitalistic press, seemed to go mad in a blind fury of hatred and persecution of the Anarchists. Even the radicals, with few exceptions, became to such an extent perverted by the popular madness, that they entirely failed to grasp the wide significance of Leon's deed.

The poor boy, misunderstood and forsaken, was quickly set upon by the vultures of the law and was literally devoured without much pretence of even the form of justice.

Twelve years have passed since. And now even the simplest intelligence is beginning to realize that our whole social structure is based upon the very infamy and rottenness which the act of Czolgosz aimed to point out.

The dead cannot be brought to life. But it is being increasingly understood that Leon Czolgosz was of that idealist calibre which our perverted society forever nails to the cross. But even if the present is blind, the future will know to honor the Czolgoszes with the martyred pioneers of a freer, nobler humanity.

* * *

THE conviction of Frederick S. Boyd, the I. W. W. organizer, on the charge of preaching sabotage, is the first instance the American courts had to deal with this new form of labor warfare.

The conviction and heavy sentence of seven years imposed on Boyd does not come as a surprise to the militant workers. Profits and property are the most sacred institutions of capitalism. In the defence of these it will

resort to any means whatever. And though no actual destruction of property has resulted from the advocacy of Boyd, in the eyes of the exploiters the thought is even more guilty than the deed.

And they are right. When the workers will realize that the wealth they create is theirs by right—all laws to the contrary notwithstanding—and that they may do with it as they choose, may not only deprive the robbers of their stolen possessions by destroying them, but even expropriating them for the use of the people, then the last hour of capitalism will have struck.

The sympathy of every revolutionist and conscious worker is with Frederick Boyd. And the labor movement may especially be proud of him because he did not resort to the weak-kneed tactics of denying his beliefs, as is unfortunately too often the case in similar instances.

But the conviction of Boyd will bring no cheer to the masters. The struggle of labor against wage slavery will continue, all efforts and persecution of the reaction notwithstanding. And sabotage is not to be imprisoned. It has come to stay as one of the weapons that fills capital with terror and strikes at the very root of the rotten industrial foundation.

* * *

AN old man was released from prison. He had paid the penalty for his offence, and he came back into the outside world broken in health and penniless.

He tried to obtain employment, but there is no lack of young men, healthy and vigorous, on the labor market. The decrepit ex-convict found himself on the street, jobless and hungry.

The weather was turning cold. He sought shelter in the Public Library. A woman's purse at a table nearby caught his eye, and he was hungry. The old man had learned from his association with crooks in prison. Deftly he slipped his hat over the purse. His hand clutched it, when he suddenly remembered his decision to lead an honest life. He saw a vision of a poor woman, with children at home, and the contents of the purse perhaps all that she possessed.

He withdrew, empty handed. The victory he gained over his moment of weakness gave the tottering old man strength to walk across the room. But the pangs of hun-

ger were griping. Yet he would not steal, and he hated to beg. Beg! His lips would not form the words. Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind. He picked up a book, tore off the flyleaf and wrote on it, "Will you help me, please? I am starving."

He showed the note to the woman, whose purse he would not steal, and at that instant the hand of the library attendant was upon him. They arrested him and he was dragged to court, charged with mutilating books—a serious felony in the eyes of the law, punishable with a prison sentence of from one to three years.

Mr. R. H. Anderson, the educational head of the library, well fed and philanthropic, came to court to urge that an example be made of the old criminal.

* * *

THE good suffrage ladies and their male supporters are up in arms at the rumor that Mrs. Pankhurst may be detained as an undesirable on her arrival in this country.

We stand for the open-door policy, and the more anyone is considered undesirable by the powers of reaction, the more reason why a country making a pretence of liberty should open its gates to him or her. But we want to point out how stupid and narrow is the attitude of those who shout so lustily for liberty for themselves and for those that agree with them, while remaining indifferent, or even favoring the repression of the social protestants and iconoclasts.

Real freedom means the right to disagree. But we are not aware that the suffragettes who are so indignant at the suggestion of Mrs. Pankhurst's exclusion, were in the least concerned when John Turner, the English Anarchist, was deported some years ago by the American Government. They did not voice their protest against that outrage, some even applauding the despotic action of the Washington authorities. And yet the charge of moral turpitude could not, even in a legal sense, be brought against Comrade Turner. For, unlike Mrs. Pankhurst, he was never convicted of any offence against the British law. To be sure, John Turner believes in violence, in the sense of the social revolution; but he has never practised it. Mrs. Pankhurst and her English followers, on the other hand, have not only preached the justification and necessity of militant tactics, but have

actually applied violent methods in practice, from assaulting high government officials to burning down public buildings.

We do not believe that the American Government will dare exclude Mrs. Pankhurst. After all, the British suffragettes, being British, are not so undesirable in America as militant *home* suffragettes might be. And the American Government will surely avoid any action that might have a tendency to rouse sleeping dogs and turn vapid American suffragists into militant suffragettes.

But we hope that Mrs. Pankhurst's visit will serve to widen the mental horizon of the American suffragists and inspire them with a little of that fire of earnest devotion and militant ardor of their English sisters, who have broken down the petty fences of bourgeois boarding-house respectability and are courageous enough to live up to their faith—whatever it be—even to the point of fighting for it.

* * *

IT is disgusting to witness the brazen hypocrisy of the press in trumpeting far and wide the "new departure in prison reform" of Thomas Mott Osborne, millionaire philanthropist and head of the Prison Reform Commission, in voluntarily becoming an inmate of Auburn prison.

The Orborne plan of learning the truth about prison conditions possesses no more claim to originality than to sincerity. Its alleged originality is based upon the limitless gullibility of the public; its insincerity is writ large to anyone who knows the inside workings of prisons.

The much-heralded and eulogized self-imposed sentence of Osborne may dupe the outsiders, but no prisoner is stupid enough not to "get next" to this cheap dodge of philanthropic self-advertising.

Every convict knows what "millionaires" and "bankers" rows mean in prison. Influential scamps, even if duly convicted and sentenced, are not subjected to the same treatment as the "common" convict. A thousand and one are the ways in which their previous social standing lightens their imprisonment. They are assigned to a special tier of cells, reserved for the "big guns," "guys wid a pull." They are given light tasks as clerks, yardmen, messengers and "runners," allowing them access to the source of supplies—the prison base of a hundred privileges.

The difference between the prison life of a respectable social pillar, convicted of graft, and that of the common crook, is as night to day. The prison wardens and the press do protest too much that Osborne, the millionaire convict from choice, is being treated like an ordinary inmate, and "his identity lost in the big regiment of gray-clad men doing penance for crimes."

If Osborne were really sincere in his desire to learn the conditions in the New York prisons, and their effects upon the men, he would have entered the gates *incognito,* without the aid of a press agent. But such a course, though quickly educative, would involve all the indignity, hardship and suffering of *real* prison life, and Mr. Osborne's quest for the truth is not so strenuous as all that.

* * *

OUR readers are familiar with the terrible persecution and hardships suffered by our comrades in the prisons of Russia and Siberia. While the Revolution of 1906 brought comparative relief to the imprisoned politicals, the following reaction has multiplied the rigors of prison life to a most inhuman degree, making the life of the inmates a daily torture of hell.

The Anarchist Red Cross of New York, formed for the purpose of aiding the imprisoned comrades in Russia, has done laudable work in the three years of its existence. It has collected funds by means of donations, subscriptions, concerts, etc., and forwarded large sums of money to the prisons of Russia and Siberia.

But the need is great. There is intense suffering and much sickness at present among our imprisoned friends. The terrible Zinga disease, caused by starvation, is creating much misery. Aid is also imperative for released comrades and those who are fortunate enough to escape the clutches of the Russian despot.

Contributions are to be sent to the treasurer of the Anarchist Red Cross, H. Novack, care Public Bank, 1656 Madison Avenue, New York.

* * *

THERE may be a good deal of truth in the assertion of the Thaw family that Harry K. Thaw, the slayer of Stanford White, is being hounded by the influential friends and relatives of the murdered architect.

Maddened by jealousy, desperate with envy of the man whose superior personality attracted the woman he loved, Harry Thaw committed murder. But back of that mad impulse was the social convention that his wife was his, and his only, whether she loved him or not, and to that extent our social morality is just as guilty of the murder of White as is Harry Thaw. Had White been an obscure man, without money or influence, little would have been heard of the affair. Were the case reversed, and Thaw a poor man, he would have received short shrift. As the matter stands, it is a case of one rich family fighting another of almost equal wealth and influence. In short, an ordinary blood feud a la Hatfield or Black Hand, only more vulgar, because it lacks the romance of personal courage and is marked with the sneaky trickery of the law.

"Thou shalt not kill," the law commands. "Let me do it," it says with Jehovah. But as the latter is proverbially on the side of the greater numbers, so is the law with the fatter purse. Therefore it has been quite logically claimed by the White faction that the law must avenge the killing of Stanford White, for he was not a mere nobody, but a rich and influential man. And now the Thaw family, fully alive to the spirit of the law, adduces the proof that whereas the father and mother of Harry have been so generous in charitable work, the law should rightfully protect the scion of a rich inheritance.

And both sides are right. But the Law is rotten.

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THE I. W. W. CONVENTION

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN.

THE eighth annual convention of the I. W. W. was justly looked forward to as a great, significant event. Society is in the throes of deep unrest; the times are pregnant with revolutionary thoughts and deeds. The avant guard of awakening labor, the I. W. W., is a body of militant workers, who have succeeded in their comparatively short existence to draw the eyes of the world to the determined conscious struggle of labor to break the chains of wage slavery and to fight for its emancipation with all the devotion and energy that a great cause can inspire.

But the particular element attracted to the I. W. W. ranks requires broad enlightenment and a clear visualization of purposes and means to achieve ultimate victory. In the course of the I. W. W. career, there have arisen serious problems, and none more pressing than the two questions of local autonomy and effective methods of warfare.

It is therefore with a sense of great disappointment that we notice that the Convention at Chicago did not rise to the occasion. The question of local autonomy, in itself such an axiomatic necessity of a truly revolutionary movement, has been so obscured in the debates of the Convention, that apparently sight was lost of the fact that no organization of independen and self-reliant workers is thinkable without complete local autonomy. It does not speak well either for the intelligence or spirit of the Convention delegates that the efforts of the Decentralists were defeated. The Convention has given a very serious blow to the I. W. W. movement, to the very spirit of the social revolution, by paralyzing initiative and independent action through the resolution that the publications of the I. W. W. should come under the supervision of the General Executive Board. That is centralization with a vengeance, and it opens up avenues of censorship, suppression and dictatorship, which it is to be hoped the rank and file of the I. W. W. will be quick to eliminate by refusing to indorse the action of the Convention.

Still more serious is the apparently willful ignoring of the supremely important questions of aims and methods. We had hoped that all the intelligence and solidarity of the Convention would be centered upon the question nearest to Labor's interests: "Why did the I. W. W. lose the Paterson strike?" For that is really the most vital I. W. W. problem of the day, the more vital as it concerns not only the welfare of the I. W. W. itself, but the labor movement at large. The Paterson strike was a tremendous demonstration of solidarity, determination and willing self sacrifice, and on the whole the methods and tactics advised by the I. W. W. leaders of the strike were followed by the great body of workers. Why, then, was the strike lost? Not that merely to win a strike is important. It is important chiefly in the degree in which it

inspires the workers with renewed hope and energy and greater confidence in the modern industrial revolutionary tactics. But even a lost strike is educational, provided it teaches labor a useful lesson. But the lesson of the Paterson strike consists in elucidating the *causes why the strike* was lost, especially in view of the fact that to all intents and purposes it was conducted in conformity with I. W. W. methods.

Is it perchance possible that the whole I. W. W. philosophy of the "hands in the pockets" strike is amiss? Or is the theory that a strike can be won if the workers succeed in paralyzing the particular industry involved, at fault? Paterson seems to demonstrate that the practical paralysis of the whole silk industry was *not* sufficient to gain a victory for labor. Perhaps it is even advisable that the *locality* involved in a strike should be paralyzed, its social pulse suspended for the time being, and the place isolated from the rest of the world, rather than the stoppage of the industry in other places.

These are the great questions which press for solution; they alone could justify the expense and effort of the Chicago Convention.

We consider the Convention, in its wider significance, a sad failure. The stenographic report of the proceedings is shortly to be published in book form, and we sincerely hope that the real militants and revolutionists of the I. W. W. will take the lesson to heart and exert all their energies to stem the tide of conservatism and faint-heartedness in the I. W. W. organization.

The I. W. W. in America has a great future. But it needs a larger vision, more clarified purposes and greater consciousness of the spirit of true autonomy and liberty, which revolutionizes the heart, while at the same time it educates and broadens the mind.

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MILITARY PROTECTION FOR WALL STREET

By HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

A DEEP significance must be attached to the petition of Wall Street for special military protection. Five hundred bank presidents, manufacturers, stock-brokers, and other prominent members of the So-

ciety of Mammon signed a document asking the United States government for an army guard for the great financial institutions. The petitioners want adequate quarters for a full regiment of infantry located on Governor's Island, "so that in case of mob outbreaks armed force could reach the downtown banking center within twelve minutes."

This remarkable document is signed by Henry P. Davidson, senior member of J. P. Morgan & Co.; Walter E. Frew, president of the Corn Exchange Bank; Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank; Edward Townsend, president of the Importers and Traders National Bank; Francis L. Hine, president of the First National Bank; W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central Railroad, and other pillars of society.

The conditions of social harmony are then not so perfect as the believers in the golden rule daily assure us. The fanciful tales of prosperity and material abundance woven in the capitalist press do not seem to be of great weight to the real rulers of the republic. They like to hear the sweet lullaby of social peace, but at the same time they want the social peace confirmed by the presence of machine guns.

The traders in human flesh and the worshippers of the golden calf were always the first to see the scriptural *mene, mene, tekel upharsin* written on the wall. They feel the sword of Damocles constantly over their heads. Their present uneasiness is a portentous omen of a deep social unrest. Though the times seem normal and exploitation goes on without unusual eruptions, the brains of the capitalistic system are given over to anxiety. They fear outbreaks of mobs—instinctively they sense the approach of a social upheaval.

Since time immemorial hired mercenaries have proved to be the best protection for tyrants and exploiters. Louis d'ors were ever the banner under which the military hirelings fought the battles of their employers. The American capitalist has improved on the ancient system. He has realized the necessity of cultivating the raw material furnished him; to the louis d'ors he adds a mental obsession; with the help of other hirelings, political spellbinders, he succeeds in inoculating the brain of his mercenaries with the bacillus of patriotism. Seattle proved

to be an admirable lesson. The petition of Wall Street ought to convince even the most doubting Thomas of the need for an anti-militaristic propaganda, carried on on a larger scale than heretofore.

Militarism is the last stronghold of capitalism. The leaders of the system count on the soldiery as the final and only arbiter of their destiny; let all other pillars on which their rule rests crumble; so long as they can command their uniformed assassins, they feel safe in their position. They have organized the system to such a degree that they hope to continue their robbery with the help of hordes driven to work by hunger, commanded by Jim Farleys, and protected by the bayonets and machine guns of the patriotic Hessians. Their servants in the Capitol are and always will be willing and anxious to give them the necessary security.

It will depend on the conscious workers, the men and women working in the revolutionary movement, whether this nefarious plan will succeed or fail. Efforts in the right direction will undermine this last bulwark of the parasites who parade in the mask of Civilization. We have seen during the past few years, in China, in Portugal, in Mexico, in Turkey and in Persia that the armies are not immune against revolutionary propaganda. The revolutions in those countries resulted in more than a mere change of rules; they had a strong socio-economic significance. In Mexico especially we are witnessing a social revolution on a broad basis. And even the clear revolutionary propaganda among soldiers has proved in many countries to be a great success. In France, where the propaganda has been carried on in a systematic manner, whole battalions have refused to fire upon their brothers on the economic battlefield. The act of our Italian comrade Masetti, who shot down his colonel before the departure to Tunis, rather than take part in the murder of the natives of Africa, was an inspiration to all revolutionists. The case of William Buwalda in San Francisco proves that the soldiers and sailors of the United States are not insensible to thoughts of freedom. Wall Street may yet see the protection it yearns for become a boomerang for emancipation.

The social revolutionist should rejoice over the action of Wall Street; it shows that his work is not in vain.

The ideas of social revolt are spreading—the preparations of the enemy are a convincing proof of it. The workers for a free society need not be discouraged by the pessimistic views of complacent wiseacres who have "outgrown" the idea of a social revolution. The revolution will come suddenly, in spite of them and to their great surprise.

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THE FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF FERRER'S DEATH

By LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

THE dying cry of Francisco Ferrer, "Long live the Modern School!" is not forgotten. On every side may be seen evidences of the fact that the martyr's influence is growing. On every side may be felt the increasing power of the ideals that he stood for.

One of the notable publications of the last few months is Ferrer's posthumous book, "The Origin and Ideals of the Modern School." It has been reviewed all over the world, and in it readers may learn at first hand the principles that inspired his work. Libertarian education, antimilitarism, free thought, co-education of the sexes, co-education of the social classes, abolition of rewards and punishments, abolition of corporal punishment, internationalism, inculcation of the principles of working-class solidarity and of social justice, above all, the challenging of the individuality of the pupil—these are becoming almost commonplace. Many of the same principles are enunciated by the Italian teacher, Maria Montessori, and the Montessori system is spreading from land to land.

Taken in combination with such books as William Archer's "Life of Ferrer" and Professor Simarro's encyclopedic "El Proceso Ferrer," the posthumous essays of Ferrer round out the story of his work and martyrdom. We see him as he was—a man of sterling integrity, of keen mind, of unbounded activity, of intense sincerity, faithful unto death. Armed with these three books, anyone can put to confusion the reactionist or the Catholic who disputes the plain fact that Ferrer was killed because he saw farther and saw deeper than the ignorant people about him.

In Spain already the name of Francisco Ferrer gathers greater luster day by day. In Italy, in Switzerland, in France, in Germany, in England, schools are dedicated to his memory. Here in America the Radical Library of Philadelphia and a new school in Detroit keep the torch burning. The Francisco Ferrer Association, with headquarters in New York, receives communications from all over the world.

The Modern School, in East 107th street, New York, is undoubtedly the most successful of all the schools established in memory of Francisco Ferrer. It enters on its third winter season stronger than ever before.

The Ferrer Association, out of which the School has grown, was organized in New York on June 3rd, 1910. Its first work was the publication of literature bearing on Ferrer. Its second task was the organization of memorial meetings, held in all parts of America. Its third achievement was the establishment of a Ferrer Center at 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

From St. Mark's Place the Association moved to more commodious quarters in East 12th street. Here it started a libertarian Day School for Children, under the direction of John and Abby Coryell. Mr. and Mrs. Coryell soon gave way to William J. Durant. Under Durant's leadership, the Day School became a real factor in the radical movement in New York.

At the present time, the Day School is in the charge of Cora Bennett Stephenson, who came from Marion, Indiana, to take up the work. Mrs. Stephenson taught in years gone by in the public schools. She has come to recognize the immeasurable superiority of libertarian over authoritarian methods.

Apart from the Day School, the Association has been extending its activities in all directions. It runs a Sunday School, under the direction of Dr. S. Bauch. Last winter it ran evening classes every night of the week, dealing with literature, art, Esperanto and languages, physiology, psychology and many other subjects. Dances, entertainments and a multitude of lectures, discussions and debates have been held under the auspices of the Association. The Syndicalist Educational League was born in its rooms. The leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World have always been welcome visitors at 63 East 107th

street. Dr. Louis Levine and André Tridon have been among the Association's lecturers. The movement of protest against the exclusion of the English republican, Edward F. Mylius, by the American government, originated in large part in the Ferrer Center, and the Center extended hospitality to Mr. Mylius on his release from Ellis Island. Two art exhibits, organized by members of the Association, attracted large crowds and interested criticism. A book of radical poems, "Songs, Sighs and Curses," by Adolf Wolff, owes its inspiration to the literature class at the Ferrer School. All through the summer, the Association has been holding well-attended outdoor meetings in its garden.

The Ferrer School in New York is now firmly based and goes on to larger and more important work. It holds within itself the three germinal ideas of a Day School for Children, a People's University, and a Lecture Forum. Nothing can check its progress. For it grows out of the eternal and unquenchable desire of humanity for Freedom, and it draws its sustenance from the life-blood of a man who died for Freedom.

* * *

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION

By BEN L. REITMAN.

"WE ARE here to map out the destiny of the I. W. W. for the coming year," said one of the men on the floor, and fifty earnest men set to work to formulate plans to bring about the Revolution.

The delegates were an extremely interesting crowd. I knew most of them well. My first impression of some of them I got when I became acquainted with them while they were in jail. It is safe to say that 98 per cent. of them had been in prison and none of them were criminals. Not a small part of them had acquired their requtation in jail. G. E. B. member Joe Ettor became a national figure while awaiting trial in the little Salem jail. Peter McEvoy made a place for himself in the world by sabotaging the county jail in California, for which he did a year in the penitentiary. Jack Whyte served six months during the San Diego Free Speech fight for his memorable "To hell with your

court, I know what justice is." Not a few of the men had been in jail in every free-speech fight of the I. W. W. since its existence.

I had a dozen of the delegates at my home in Chicago to meet some of the radical intellectual women. The delegates were shy, reserved, and made a failure when they attempted to express their ideas.

Most of the delegates arrived in special cars, cattle or box. The expense money which they had did not allow them to invest very heavy in "penny-ante" or to take in very many shows. But it was a regular, sure-enough convention. Most of the delegates took themselves seriously. They came armed with resolutions, and many of them had definite instructions from their locals. A few decentralizers really hoped that with their logic and their speech they would be able to bring about radical changes in the organization. (They know better now.)

The only way a stranger could tell a G. E. B. member from a delegate on the floor was to hear them talk. The former said "I am opposed"; the latter, "My local instructed me to oppose." However, this is not quite true. If you were observing you would notice that the G. E. B. members stuck out their chest and had a patronizing smile for everyone.

There were many questions discussed on the floor, and they were always decided in a legal manner which was fully covered by precedents. At least every twenty minutes Mr. Delegate was on his feet with "Fellow Worker Chairman, I rise to a point of order; our constitution says on page 46, section 23, by-law 61, paragraph 11, that the motion of the delegate from Local 606 is unconstitutional." The Chairman replies, "Your point is well taken; what is the next business?"

There were about five hundred resolutions introduced. Fully a hundred of the resolutions were progressive, favored decentralization and were fathered, mothered and nursed by half a dozen idealists. But every radical resolution offered was either lost, laid on the table, or amended so that it was useless. The motion for decentralization was lost by three to one, as was the motion to do away with the G. E. B. It was interesting to note that every member of the G. E. B. voted to retain the office. It must be a good job.

The delegates had a vote in direct proportion to the number of the membership of their local. A dozen decentralizers had twenty votes, four centralizers had 86 votes, which was as much as the combined votes of the rest of the delegates If the German method of voting has got anything on this system, I'd like to be shown. Really, it was a lovely political convention. Resolutions, discussions, amendments; voting, resolutions, discussion; amendments and voting. To see some of the boys sitting up late nights framing resolutions and then pleading earnestly on the floor for their pet theories was enough to make a monkey laugh. As if anybody gave a damn whether the resolution was lost or passed! From what I know of the I. W. W., I would say that the locals are very careless about what the convention says.

Every delegate was allowed fifteen minutes to discuss each resolution. Most of them had to be called to order for speaking too long. The I. W. W. will publish the proceedings of the convention. When it comes out, I hope our friends will buy a copy and read it. I know of no greater argument against parliamentarism.

As I sat in the hot, stuffy, smoky room of the convention hall day after day, and heard the discussions, and saw how little regard the delegates had for grammar and the truth, and realized that most of the delegates knew as much about the real labor movement as they did about psychology, and that they cared little about the broad principles of freedom and did not have a vision of a new society where the worker would enjoy the fruit of his labor in freedom and in beauty, I marveled at the big things the I. W. W. have done during their short career: the free-speech fights at Spokane, Fresno, Aberdeen, San Diego, Denver, and the great labor battles at Gray's Harbor, on the Canadian Northern, at Lawrence, Akron, Peterson, Marysville and many other places. And I said to myself, "God, is it possible that this bunch of pork-chop philosophers, agitators who have no real, great organizing ability or creative brain power, are able to frighten the capitalistic class more than any other labor movement ever organized in America? Is it true that this body of politicians were able to send 5,000 men to jail in the various free-speech fights? Can these be the men that help put over millions' worth of sabotage in the

various labor struggles that they have been active in during the past eight years? Are these the men who put a song in the mouth and a sense of solidarity in the heart of the hobo? Are the activities of these men forcing the A. F. of L. and the sociologists to recognize the power and necessity of Industrial Unionism? And as I looked at the delegates and recounted their various activities, I felt that each one could say, 'Yes, I'm the guy.'"

And then I wondered how they did it.

PRISONS: UNIVERSITIES OF CRIME

Paper read before the British Medical Association.

By PETER KROPOTKIN.

LEAVING aside the great question of "Crime and Punishment" which occupies now so many prominent lawyers and sociologists, I shall limit my remarks to the question: "Are prisons answering their purpose, which is that of diminishing the number of anti-social acts?"

To this question every unprejudiced person who has a knowledge of prisons from the inside will certainly answer by an emphatic *No*. On the contrary, a serious study of the subject will bring everyone to the conclusion that the prisons—the best as much as the worst—are breeding places of criminality; that they contribute to render the anti-social acts worse and worse; that they are, in a word, the High Schools, the Universities of what is known as Crime.

Of course, I do not mean that everyonewho has been once in a prison will return to it. There are thousands of people sent every year to prison by mere accident. But I maintain that the effect of a couple of years of life in a prison—from the very fact of its being a prison—is to increase in the individual those defects which brought him before a law court. These causes, being the love of risk, the dislike of regular work (due in an immense majority of cases to the want of a thorough knowledge of a trade), the despise of society with its injustice and hypocrisy, the want of physical energy,

and the lack of will—all these causes will be aggravated by detention in a gaol.

Five-and-twenty years ago, when I developed this idea in a book, now out of print ("In Russia and French Prisons"), I supported it by an examination of the facts revealed in France by an inquest made as to the numbers of récidivistes (second offence prisoners). The result of this inquest was that from two-fifths to one-half of all persons brought before the asizes and two-fifths of all brought before the police courts had already been kept once or twice in a gaol. The very same figure of forty per cent. was found in this country; while, according to Michael Davitt, as much as ninety-five per cent. of all those who are kept in penal servitude have previously received prison education.

A little reflection will show that things cannot be otherwise. A prison has, and must have, a degrading effect on its inmates. Take a man freshly brought to a gaol. The moment he enters the house he is no more a human being; he is "Number So and So." He must have no more a will of his own. They put him in a fool's dress to underline his degradation. They deprive him of every intercourse with those towards whom he may have an attachment, and thus exclude the action of the only element which could have a good effect upon him.

Then he is put to labor, but not to a labor that might help to his moral improvement. Prison work is made to be an instrument of base revenge. What must the prisoner think of the intelligence of these "pillars of society" who pretend by such punishments to "reform" the prisoners?

In the French prisons the inmates are given some sort of useful and paid work. But even this work is paid at a ridiculously low scale, and, according to the prison authorities, it cannot be paid otherwise. Prison work, they say, is inferior slave work. The result is that the prisoner begins to hate his work, and finishes by saying, "The real thieves are not we, but those who keep us in."

The prisoner's brain is thus working over and over again upon the idea of the injustice of a society which pardons and often respects such swindlers as so many company promoters are, and wickedly punishes him, simply because he was not cunning enough. And the moment

he is out he takes his revenge by some offence very often much graver than his first one. Revenge breeds revenge.

The revenge that was exercised upon him he exercises upon society. Every prison, because it is a prison, destroys the physical energy of its inmates. It acts upon them far worse than an Arctic wintering. The want of fresh air, the monotony of existence, especially the want of impressions, take all energy out of the prisoner, and produce that craving for stimulants (alcohol, coffee) of which Miss Allen spoke so truthfully the other day at the Congress of the British Medical Association. And finally, while most anti-social acts can be traced to a weakness of will, the prison education is directed precisely towards killing every manifestation of will.

Worse than that. I seriously recommend to prison reformers the "Prison Memoirs" of Alexander Berkman, who was kept for 14 years in an American gaol, and has told with great sincerity his experience. One will see from this book how every honest feeling must be suppressed by the prisoner, if he does not decide never to go out of this hell.

What can remain of a man's will and good intentions after five or six years of such an education? And where can he go after his release, unless he returns to the very same chums, whose company has brought him to the gaol? They are the only ones who will receive him as an equal. But when he joins them he is sure to return to the prison in a very few months. And so he does. The gaolers know it well.

I am often asked—What reforms of prisons I should propose; but now, as 25 years ago, I really do not see how prisons could be reformed. They must be pulled down. I might say, of course: "Be less cruel, be more thoughtful of what you do." But that would come to this: "Nominate a Pestalozzi as Governor in each prison, and sixty Pestalozzis as warders," which would be absurd. But nothing short of that would help.

So the only thing I could say to some quite well-intentioned Massachusetts prison officials who came once to ask my advice was this: If you cannot obtain the abolition of the prison system, then—never accept a child or a youth in your prison. If you do so, it is manslaughter.

And then, after having learned by experience what prisons are, refuse to be gaolers, and never be tired to say that prevention of crime is the only proper way to combat it. Healthy municipal dwellings at cost price, education in the family and at school—of the parents as well as the children; the learning by every boy and girl of a trade; communal and professional cooperation; societies for all sorts of pursuits; and, above all, idealism developed in the youths; the longing after what is lifting human nature to higher interests. This will achieve what punishment is absolutely incapable to do.

THE FICTION OF NATURAL RIGHTS

By DYER D. LUM.

THE very cornerstone of Anarchistic philosophy is often supposed to be a paraphrase of Herbert Spencer's "First Principle" of equal freedom, that: "Every person has a natural right to do what he wills, provided that in the doing thereof he infringes not the equal rights of any other persons." Yet there lurks in the expression a fallacy that correct thought must repudiate, or we must carry with us a diagram explaining the meaning of the words we use.

What are "*natural* rights?" In the middle ages schoolmen believed that they had solved a problem in physics by asserting that "nature abhors a vacuum"; but a very little study sufficed to convince thinkers that "the web of events" we group as "nature" neither abhors nor likes. With the growth of the conception of law as a term descriptive of mode of being rather than a fiat imposed upon events, the term "natural" has lost much of its old theological meaning. Still it is often used in that sense and too often implies it.

Blackstone defined "the law of nature" as "the will of man's maker." Mackintosh calls it "a supreme, invariable, and uncontrollable rule of conduct to all men." Sir Henry Maine also speaks of "a determinable law of nature" for the guidance of human conduct. Kant defines it as that "which the creator has prescribel to man." F. Q. Stuart in his "Natural Rights," says expressly: "A natural right is a privilege vouchsafed by natural law to

man to exercise his faculties," and his whole work teems with expressions implying the fixity of "real law."

The correct position is, I maintain, that what we term "natural rights" are *evolved,* not conferred, and if so they are not fixed and unalterable. Nature confers no more "privilege" upon us than upon dogs to exercise our faculties as functions. In fact, to my mind, the very assumption of "natural rights" is at war with evolution. Even if we no longer personalize nature as their giver, the term still carries with it the implication of rigidity, when, in fact, not even that mythical "right reason" with which we are supposed to be endowed, can prove them historically so characterized. Every man is supposed to have a "natural right" to life. Is this co-eternal with man? Did it exist, though unrecognized, among our prognathous ancestors? If the savage transcended "natural right" in disposing at will of the life of a captive, where was it inscribed? It was not incarnated in the semi-brute. If the Roman law was based upon "a type of perfect law" in nature, was the recognition of the "natural right" of a father over the lives of his family contrary to the "right reason" of the time? And to this query convictions founded upon nineteenth-century deductions are not pertinent.

Is women's "natural right" as a "person" the same in all countries under polyandry, polygamy, and monogamy? or are those relations of the sexes, so important to "well-being and good conduct," ignored by beneficient nature? It has been conclusively shown by sociologists that human progress consist in passing from the militant *regime* towards an industrial one. Yet the time was when the *lex talionis* sanctified revenge as the highest virtue. Time was when not a human being on the face of the earth differed from Aristotle's opinion of slavery as a natural condition. Where was this "privilege vouchsafed by natural law" then inscribed? The question whether society would not have been far more conducive to happiness if such right had been recognized, is as idle as whether eyes behind our heads would not have been equally so. If the "principle" was not discoverable then, but has been now, are we to conclude that it is the final synthesis of "right reason," or that its incarnation is only now visible?

Having thus shown a few of the queries which arise

to puzzle one who seeks for evidence of the immutability of "natural rights," let us examine closer into the nature of "rights" themselves. The human sphere is a province conquered from nature, and hence its relations cannot be termed "natural." It would be equally as permissible to call them moral or religious, for the qualifying adjective being given to imply the highest validity, it would be so understood by all to whom either of these words conveyed such meaning. Equally permissible, but equally indefensible in evolutionary thought when implying fixity. But do there exist any such inherent predicates of *human* nature as "rights?" The same theological bias which characterized "rights" as "natural" also regards their assertion as positive. On the contrary, every assertion of a right purely human, paradoxical as it may seem, is negative. The assertion of a "right" is but a protest again iniquitous conditions. Social evolution ever tends to the equalization of the exercise of our faculties. That is, social intercourse has slowly evolved the Ideal that peace, happiness and security are best attained by equal freedom to each and all; consequently, I can lay no claim in equity to a privilege, for that which all alike may enjoy ceases to be privileged. The important deduction from social evolution is that as militancy has weakened and industrialism widened its boundaries, liberty has ever tended toward such equalisation. Privilege finds no sanction in equity as right, because it violates the ideal of social progress—equality of opportunities.

Therefore it is that, as social relations have become more complex and integrated, the Ideal of "a more perfect form of liberty" rises in form of protest against what only then are discernible as socially wrong, though ostensibly as assertions, such as "rights of women," "rights of labor," "rights" of children and sailors against flogging, the right to the soil, etc. They are fierce and burning assertions just so far as they emphasize a growing protest against inequitable conditions. In this sense they are Anarchistic, inasmuch as only by the extensions, in other words the abolition of restrictions, is the wrong righted. Our specific "rights" are thus dependent upon our ability to discern wrongs, or the violation of the ever-evolving industrial ideal—equality of opportunities—and exist but as protests. Abolish vested wrongs, and there will be no

vested rights, natural or otherwise. Precisely as water flows to a level when obstructions are removed, just so will social relations flow to equitable conditions when restrictions are swept away. And precisely also as liberty comes in does the assertion of "rights" go out.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

AN important step in the evolution of Anarchist propaganda was taken by our French comrades at their first congress held on August 15, 16 and 17, at the *Maison des Syndiqués,* in Paris. The groups represented and individuals present decided to organize themselves into an Anarchist federation in order to be able to carry on the propaganda more effectively. The organization has the name *La Federation Communiste Anarchiste de Langue Francaise.* In connection with the national organization it was decided to organize an International Bureau, which has its headquarters in Paris. Over 130 delegates participated in the congress, among them the most prominent workers for the Cause in France: Jean Grave, Sebastian Faure, Pierre Martin, André Girard, Emile Aubin, Broutchoux, Pierrot, Matha, and others known through the international press. Peter Kropotkin and Paul Reclus greeted the congress through letters, and Maria Rygier, our brave Italian comrade, who had only recently left prison, brought greetings from the Italian Anarchists.

The congress had the following questions under discussion: Organization of Anarchists; Means of Action and Propaganda; Anti-Militarism; Syndicalism and the Anarchists; the General Strike; Anti-Parliamentary Action; Individual Revenge; Mutual Aid; the Problem of Education; the Coming International Congress. Two manifestos, one giving an account of the proceedings, the other a statement of the principles of the federation, were adopted for publication.

Though the proceedings of the congress find a general approval in the Anarchist press, we take leave to disagree with our French comrades on an important point: we disapprove most decidedly of the exclusion of the Individualists or Illegalists from the congress. The ar-

gument that the congress was organized by Communists, and the Individualists had no right to force their presence or their views on the participants, seem to us a poor excuse. MOTHER EARTH stands for and propagates Anarchist Communism, but it also stands for unrestricted freedom of discussion among the different schools of Anarchism. Are we going to follow and to approve of the tactics of the Socialist politicians practised on us at the International Congresses at Zurich and at London? When the group of *Les Temps Nouveaux* decided rather to withdraw from the congress than to participate with the Illegalists, it took the same position the French Socialist politicians assumed in 1896 at the International Congress in London.

In the French Anarchist movement we find certain groups and individual militants who propagate and practise illegalism in every form, including forceful expropriation. These elements are mostly centered around the paper *L'Anarchie*. They call themselves Individualists: nurtured in the ideas of Stirner, Nietzsche, and other Individualist writers, they claim to have reached the most logical conclusion of Anarchist teachings. The propaganda they are carrying on culminated in the exploits of the so-called "Motor Bandits"; deeds which created such terror in France two years ago. The illegal acts and the expropriation committed by these comrades are in reality the echo and result of the teaching and practice of the Maximalists and of certain Anarchist groups in Russia. Imagine our Tucker, Walker, or Mackay being classified with Bonnot, Garnier, Soudy, and the other members of the Tragic Band! Verily Individualism underwent a great change in France.

The majority of the Anarchists in France oppose this form of propaganda. *Les Temps Nouveaux* and *Le Libertaire*, the leading exponents of Communist Anarchism in France, deny the Individualists the right to call themselves Anarchists, and they claim that the Illegalists use the name of Anarchy merely to hide their criminal tendencies and acts under the mask of a social theory. In the report of the Congress in the London *Freedom* we read that: "During the past few years a number of Individualists, in the name of the 'right to live their lives,' have committed a series of attacks on

property, accompanied by shooting and killing, which have aroused widespread indignation among the people. The perpetrators claimed that their acts were the logical outcome of their Anarchist ideas. The Communist Anarchists considered, however, that these 'comrades' had as little right to their plunder as has a capitalist to the produce of the workers. But the harm was done. Simple-minded young comrades were often led away by the Illegalists' apparent Anarchist logic; outsiders simply felt disgusted with Anarchist ideas, and definitely stopped their ears to any propaganda. A clear and decided re-statement of Anarchism seemed highly needed."

Very well, but why not give the Illegalists a chance to explain their views, their theory and their propaganda? Are we affected with bourgeois respectability and infected with fear of adverse public opinion? Are we a church which excludes dissenters? Heretofore we believed that Anarchism included all Anarchist schools, but it seems now that we are to imitate Tucker, who does not recognize Communists as Anarchists. As to propaganda and deeds committed against the bourgeoisie and the prevailing system, who, pray, will be the censor in the Anarchist movement? Have not the same arguments been used against the acts of Ravachol and Pini? Have not the acts of Vaillant, Henry and Etievant been condemned by some Anarchists? The act of Alexander Berkman was formerly denounced by the very people who applaud him to-day. Pierre Martin and other Anarchists have been forced by the persevering propaganda of William C. Owen to recognize the Mexican rebels as fighters for liberty and active leaders in the revolutionary movement, though they commit deeds similar to those of the Tragic Band.

If the deeds of Bonnot and his friends resulted in the action of the French comrades to call a congress and to organize into a federation, should we not rather be thankful to those tragic victims of ruthless persecution for having awakened our comrades from their lethargy? The old warriors in the movement are only too likely to forget that the youth is tired of theoretical hair-splitting and personal quarrels. They want action—not words and words only. Some went over to Hervé; many went into the Syndicats, and some became Illegal-

ists. We cannot assent to this torrent of abuse being heaped upon the heads of the Illegalists by "decent" people, and we are sorry to notice a similar tendency in the Anarchist press. Many of our publications do not state the facts plainly; they are content with Philistine remarks against men who had the courage and audacity to fight society single-handed and who knew how to die. Let us beware of respectability; the very moment we find sympathy among "respectable" people, we are doomed.

* * *

AMONG the great rebels of the last century, the Dutch writer, Douwes Dekker—who wrote under the nom-de-plume Multatuli (I have suffered)—stands in the foremost ranks. This great spirit left us in his writings a remarkable legacy. To the social revolutionist he is especially dear, for he was a born iconoclast, uncompromising in his social views to the last moment of his life. He sacrificed his high position as a Dutch official because of his protest against the exploitation of the Javanese by the Dutch bourgeoisie. His wonderful work, "Max Havelaar," wherein he describes the suffering of the Javanese, not only cost him his position, but brought him the everlasting hatred and persecution of the despicable Maklers of Holland.

What a pleasant surprise to us, then, to hear that his nephew, also called Douwes Dekker, is continuing the admirable work of his great uncle. From European exchanges we learn that he has been banished to the remote and solitary Island of Timor for his agitation in behalf of the natives of the Dutch East Indies in his paper, *The Bandang Express*. His vigorous protests, and his exposures of the ruthless exploitation of the natives became so dangerous to the Dutch rulers, that they felt themselves obliged to take recourse to the ancient punishment. Dekker is the son of a Dutch farmer and a Javanese mother, but he proudly calls himself a Javanese. In the social awakening of the East he is a prominent worker.

Comparatively unnoticed by the rest of the world, Holland has maintained for centuries a domination in Java and the neighboring isles. It is approximately 698,000 square miles in extent, fifty-eight times as large as the

Netherlands themselves, and contains a population of 37,402,500, seven times as many as the entire Dutch nation. Yet this great and populous territory is ruled by a few hundred European officials, with the aid of 13,500 white and 25,000 native troops. On the island of Sumatra a war with the native Achinese has been in progress for nearly forty years. It has cost already more than 200,000 lives, yet the Dutch cannot subdue the valiant rebels.

It is impossible to avoid the comparison between the British power in India and the Dutch power in the East Indian Islands. Indeed, there is much in common between the origin and present condition of both dominions. Commerce laid the foundation of the authority in the East of both England and Holland, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the rivalry between the East India companies of the two nations was intense. Both managed to convert the footing obtained for commercial purposes into a political control, and both utilized the jealousies and quarrels of native princes for their own aggrandizement. Moreover, at the present time, both in India and Java, the same problems are to be solved, and the British and Dutch rulers are equally confronted with the aspirations of the awakening native peoples. The Javanese, as much as the Hindoos, desire their independence, and Holland, no more than Great Britain, can expect that her rule in the East will continue much longer.

* * *

THOSE Reverend Fathers, saloonkeepers and politicians who used to assure us that the ideas of workingman rebellion, of Socialism and Anarchy, cannot take root in Ireland, must indeed be shocked by the recent events in the Emerald Isle. We are witnessing the awakening of the real Ireland—not the Ireland of the Home Rule politician, but the Ireland of toil, of misery and degradation. The Irish workers are falling in line with the international revolutionary movement; they declared war upon their exploiters, be they British, Sin Feiners, or sweet singers of the Gaelic Renaissance. The Home Rule trick of the Irish bourgeoisie cannot longer blind the working men. Hunger is stronger than appeals to national solidarity—a national solidarity

which does not include the exploited, but which embraces the policemen and soldiers who kill their compatriots in Dublin, Belfast and elsewhere—an everyday occurrence just as in America, where the Molly Maguires were hounded by Irish Pinkertons and put to death by order of the Irish coal baron Gowan.

When W. B. Yeats produced "Countess Cathleen," a play which treats of a mythical Irish lady who in time of famine sold her soul to the devil in return for food for her starving people, what an outcry we heard from the good Nationalists and Papists! They were horrified at the mere idea that an Irish woman could sell her soul to the devil. But they do not see that the Irish youths and maidens daily sell not only their souls but their bodies as well to the Juggernaut of capitalism. No wonder Yeats declared, in the course of a lecture in Dublin: "Ireland at this moment is running the danger of surrendering her soul to the bourgeosie, and to a worse bourgeosie than ever fought in France—to an ignorant, undisciplined bourgeosie."

When in May, 1896, the Irish workers organized the Irish Socialist Republican party, the Nationalist press ignored the fact. This party was organized on purely political principles and could not therefore satisfy the workers in their daily struggle. The Irish National Union of Workers, though still afflicted with the political bacillus, is a great advance. In its declaration of principles it states: "The Irish National Union of Workers will provide a platform upon which all the sections of labor can stand and unite, and we call on all Irishmen, irrespective of what trade or class of labor they are in, to unite for the purpose of assisting in their industrial freedom."

They are in the right direction, and let us hope that the events of the last few weeks will lead them to further revolutionary action.

It is significant of the times when an eminent litterateur, such as Standish O'Grady, goes before the Ard Chraobh (the head branch of the Gaelic League in Dublin) and proves to his Nationalistic audience that the ancient status of Ireland was based on Communism, and the only way to free Ireland is to return to a society based on free Communism—a society without police, judges,

executioners or jailers—and he advised his hearers to read Kropotkin!

As usual the blind leaders did not notice the signs of dissatisfaction and social unrest; but they know now that revolutionary Socialism has become a power with the intelligent working class. The seed sown by previous fighters is now bearing fruit: how could it be otherwise? The lesson of the Chartist movement, in which Irishmen played such a prominent part, is not entirely forgotten. Such fighters for liberty as Bronterre O'Brien, John Francis O'Donnell, James Fintan Lalor, John Boyle O'Reilly, Michael Davitt, and other champions of the proletariat have not worked in vain. In the great year of 1848 Thomas Devin Reilly cried out: "But for all that the rights of labor are not conquered, and will not and cannot be conquered. Again and again the laborer will rise up against the idler—the workingmen will meet the bourgeosie and grapple and war with them, until their equality is established, not in word, but in fact."

These words find their fulfillment to-day—the Irish workers rebel against industrial slavery. And in their hour of combat they find solidarity among the workers of England and Scotland.

THE SENSATIONAL MUCKRAKER

By GERTRUDE NAFE.

A FRECKLED little boy with red hair dashed violently up the street and, nearly running into a group of men who were chatting pleasantly, shouted to one of them, "Say, mister, your house is afire!"

Immediately one member of the group found himself alone. He was a benevolent gentleman who did not like to be jostled. He gazed indignantly at the surrounding landscape, settled his nose-glasses severely and ejaculated, "Stuff and nonsense, I don't believe anything of the kind."

Having no one to discuss the affair with, he would perhaps have left but that he could think of no place where he would rather be than the one he then adorned.

His loneliness was broken by the appearance of a gentleman who said briefly but emphatically, "If I ever catch that red-haired boy, I will break his neck." The benevolent gentleman smiled cordially and, reaching out, shook the second gentleman warmly by the hand. "I, too, distrust him," he remarked earnestly.

Now the second gentleman was considerably surprised. It was his occupation to relieve burning houses of any little articles for which he felt he could find more use than the possessor. And when business was bad, he sometimes took means to liven it up. Furthermore, he was not sure how much the red-haired little boy had seen. So he naturally wondered as to the benevolent gentleman's little game.

"He is mighty bad for business," he remarked; "ruins confidence."

They stood watching the fire. They had to stand back a bit from the heat, and that annoyed the benevolent gentleman who did not like to be jostled. "To think that all this is the work of that one demon-hurled small boy," he grieved. "A few moments ago all was peace and pleasant conversation. Now see the turmoil. He found a contented, cheerful community. Now look at the tired, anxious faces as they fight the fire. He has sown discontent. It is always the way with destructive criticism. Did he have any method to suggest by which the fire should be put out? If he had, I should have had some patience with him. But merely to pick flaws! Besides, he was exceedingly rude. Any properly trained child would have waited until our conversation was finished. And the words in which he announced it!"

The financier had caught the drift of the old gentleman's remarks. He was really very clever, and, besides, he was hiding a half-brick for his next encounter with the speckled-nosed boy. "No patriotism, either," he remarked. "Any boy who honestly loved his own town would not be spreading reports that it had fires. Hurts the town awfully."

He gazed at the benevolent gentleman curiously. He was very clever, but not quite clever enough to realize that his companion was perfectly honest and merely did not like to be jostled.

They turned away together, as the heat from the house was getting intolerable. "I doubt very much," said the benevolent gentleman, "whether they succeed in saving the house in spite of all their agitation. And I fear this notice will encourage that sensational muck-raking boy even to find new fires. There is nothing in this whole affair which seems to me desirable or to be encouraged by the Best People."

ATTENTION!

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